

During November on our station compound, we held the most promising Bible class of young men, future leaders of our country field, that we have yet held. All the young men were bright and literate (readily used their Bibles); seemed enthusiastic and earnest, and gave good promise of intelligent and consecrated church office bearers and responsible laymen.

Our second daughter, Helen, with her husband, The Rev. George Gordon Mahy, Jr., had, earlier in the year, applied to our foreign board for service in religious education in our Wei Hsien Station, and we had high hopes to seeing them out here for Christmas. But what a different consummation was in store for us during that fateful month of December!

Our Presbytery meets in December. It has become quite a formidable affair, of ten days to two weeks length, into which discussion of the problems of the church are freely engaged, both by elders as well as by ministers, and as never before. In one session we were quite awed by a speech of an old and seedy looking elder, who made a thrilling and dramatic climax in answering one of the ordained leaders who was ~~amazed~~ concerned that we had so little money coming to the church from New York. At the close of his eloquent speech, assuring our hearts of God's reliability for His Church, he asked: "Do we not still have the All-Powerful, All-Loving JESUS?" His speech was approved and applauded as none other has ever been in Presbytery.

It was during these sessions that the appalling telegram about the sudden capture, torture and execution of Betty and John by the Reds became to roll in. And the friends of the Presbytery were a tower of strength to us, in sympathy and in prayer support. Two of them, as delegates of the Presbytery, came to my study, just when we received the worst telegram, and their prayer communion with me was helpful beyond words.

The Presbytery held a Memorial Service in Chinese, at which the Moderator, Rev. Lu T'ing Tsao, gave the address. It was marked by fitness in text and treatment, in his own natural and dignified bearing and earnest delivery, tactful use of material, with careful choice of words - very impressive throughout-

from the text: "Whosoever shall lose his life for MY sake and the Gospel's, shall save it. ()

Perhaps more impressive still was the fact that Mr. He Sze Yuan, Commissioner of Education, who several years previously had set himself in ignorant zeal, to wipe out our Mission work, and who is now our good friend, came with his Spanish wife to our house and escorted us to the church, sitting with us there, and after the service escorted us back to our home.

The Martyrdom not only brought many letters from many classes of people, but many kinds of visitors to our home, to express sympathy and love. One evening this same Commissioner and his wife stayed late with us, for two hours searching with us precious Scripture passages as to the necessity of repentance and the promised blessings of the life hid with Christ in God.

Possibly the most unlikely caller - certainly the most unexpected - was a Buddhist priest, representing his fraternity. He came to ask, as did many other Chinese, both official and non-Christian and non-whether or not we were demanding an "indemnity" for the lives of our loved slain; if so, how much, and whether or not we hated the Reds; and also, did we despise the Chinese Government for inefficiency? Naturally we answered these queries in the negative! He and his brotherhood had not before heard of a religion the professors of whom were willing to die, unselfishly, for its ^{principles} principal and founder. What was the secret of the love and courage of this young martyr couple who so triumphantly met their death for others, etc.? Finally he was willing to kneel with me and pray to their God,- the God of compassion for all men.

The "disaster" (as it was termed by so many) brought our third daughter from Canton, to be a comfort and blessing to us and to our community. And the event brought word from our second daughter that she and her husband were but more confirmed in their desire to spend their lives in China for the Chinese, to help save them from godless communism to Christ. Also, receipt of the news caused our two sons to write that this sudden, unexpected turn of events but the more confirmed

them in their conviction to serve God in China, the older, Francis, a Junior in Princeton Theological Seminary, and the younger a Sophomore in Davidson College - the former as an ordained preacher of the Gospel; the latter as a medical missionary.

And the mail piled up from every quarter of the globe so there seemed no reasonable escape from the obvious duty of attending to it. While personal letters could not be written, and only general replies could be given, yet it was a manifest duty to take this increased interest in Missions at the flood, and answer the many requests for biographical data and material for memorial meetings, that were held in many places and under many auspices, by churches and Sunday schools and young people's groups. . . and colleges and Bible schools and Mission Boards and Missionary Societies. This work kept our heart and hands full all this spring - graciously suggested to us by our own Station and Presbytery and by various other individuals and organizations representing our Church and Foreign Board.

Though this experience has been drastic, and from the time of the receipt of the first smashing telegram through the Memorial Service and the Burial at Wuhu - both bodies encoffined in the same grave - until now, in the editing of letters and manuscripts and the copying of poems, - yet it has also been comforting and blessed, in the finding of many ~~and~~ new and deeply spiritually minded friends, and in the refinding of old friends in heretofore unrealized understanding and sympathy, born out of their love; also the Scriptures, from our own study and from the comments of friends, have proved to be a postgraduate course in Heavenly comfort; prayer also has become more real in a deepened faith; and we have received a new realization of the sustaining inherent in the promises: "My grace is sufficient for thee"; "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." And our hearts are filled with a new thankfulness to friends in China and abroad, and with a new gratitude to God for His multitudinous mercies; and a new determination is

ours to serve Him, "even in innermost motive" - (to use Betty's striking phrase)
to the extent of our ability.

Respectfully submitted,

Charles Ernest Scott.

11 Sept '35
Helen Presilla -
1st Birthday of
Hearty thanks for kind letter of 11 July
A blessed comfort to have reunion this summer
here w. our children still on earth -
Ted is a quiet tower of strength.
Official reports are that both Benny and Doug
very well in the language
Our affectionate greetings
Clara + Charles Scott

Very nice letter to hand from Dwight Day +
his Clara. Much appreciated.

c/o American Prebyterian Mission
Tsinan (East Suburb) North China.

1st. Jan....1935.

~~(John's first Birthday in Heaven)~~

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Dear Friend:-

A Blessed New Year in the Lord to you! May your *soul* prosper is our especial prayer for you. As for ourselves, a portion of our steadying comfort and inspiration to give God even the inmost motive, (as did Betty and John) inheres in a deeper realization of your sympathy, born of Christian love; also, in many Scripture promises that have been given us, not least Romans 8:28.

On 16th Dec. 1934, a fitting Memorial Service in the Chinese language was held at our Station Church. It was conducted by tried pastor friends of many years' standing, and with whom, as good soldiers of the Lord Jesus, we have endured some hardships—leaders of our Presbytery in annual session here.

On the 18th a SERVICE OF TRIUMPH was held at our home, in thanksgiving to God for our two Shining Ones and their testimony, faithful and true, to the power and the love of God, even in facing martyrdom.

This meeting was attended by our missionary friends, Consular officials, and Chinese friends speaking English. Such singing of the grand old hymns, "For all the Saints who from their labors rest Alleluia", "My Times are in Thy hands", and "Must Jesus bear the Cross alone?"; Dr. Gordon King (who played their Wedding March) fittingly presided at the piano on this occasion *celebrating their translation*.

The service was conducted by the Rev. R.A. Torrey Jr., dearly loved friend of Betty and John, who performed their marriage ceremony, 25th Oct. 1933. Of the service, a spiritually discerning layman writes: "A marvellous and beautiful story perfectly told. With quiet reality it brought me into God's very presence. Wonderful to join.....in such whole-hearted thanksgiving to Him whose mercy endureth for ever. Their death is in truth a sharing of the Cross of Christ,—the same love over against the same evil, and not overcome, but victorious!".

Additional details reveal both the ghastliness and the glory of the martyrdom,—the glory far outweighing the ghastliness. The Red army forced the dwellers of Miao Sheo to look upon the decapitation of Betty and John. The unspeakable callousness of men, misguided and imbruted by militaristic, and terroristic, and God-hating communism learned from their Soviet tutors, was outweighed by the gentle, firm witness of their victims. The taunting and the gloating was met by the calm and radiant strength vouchsafed of the conquering Christ. Though led as sheep to the slaughter, yet were they the spiritual masters of the situation.

The whole affair was a CHRISTIAN triumph. A *triumph of the knees*. First, The unknown man, released prisoner, *kneeling* to plead for the Babe, and securing her immunity from violence, by being himself, as her substitute, hacked to death; and thereby once more proving: "Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friend".